



Unpublished Letters of Pat



My Dear Spotts:—As oi sit benayth ther shade av me own vine and thistle tree, in me dear ould home in Galway, Oiland, listening to the frendly bellowings of a cupple av Oirish Bulls that are always kept handy fer use by ther family in case inny man wants ter say a smart thing, little do oi realize, this foine Chewesday morning, thot ther pasht wake, or tin days, hov been the most oix-citin av me pure and blameless loife. But, it has thot same as oi will procaed ter tell ye.

In the first place, wan ayeventful day last wake, just as I raychin fer me second supply av praties at dinner time, a young Mick with a Mickcon-gram (bad cess ter the Oirishman that invented them, fer Oirish he must be ter judge bye his name) stuck in his fist, presented himself fernist the table, almost ruining ther pig's tail wid ther heel av him, and waking up me mithers favorit nanny goat wid the shrill voice av him; and day-manded ter know wither or not the Hon. Patrick Murphey, Esquire av Florida, You, Ess, Ay, was in."

"I am thot same," ses oi. "Spake out ye little devil, or lave me peace."

"It's a Mickcongram from His Nibski, the Cyarsky ov Russivitch," ses ther little Spalpeen handin it ter me loike it was loaded.

"Oi wonder phats ther matter wid 'Little Popper' now," ses oi, in a non-shay-larnt manner as I rayched out me lift fin fer the arnvelope.

Wan glance at ther enclothesure was enoughter satisfy me thot it was MY MOVE. These were the words that me eyes risted on:

"Deer Patsky: Come over at wance and show me how ter kape ther Doomer from doing me up. We want ter organize ther 3d House, an don't know how. Bring Triay, Spotts, Payter Knight, Jawn Luther, Frank Hough and Majur Heeley wid yer. If yer happen ter need some doughsky, draw on me fer slevnty-foive or ninety Rooshan Roobles. Yours in ther divils own hurry, Nick."

Well you can immagin how sich a call as that sterid iviry slintimint in me scowl, speyshully the part about the Roobles, an me sittin there widout a palce av money bigger than a car fare.

Oi lost no toime in gettin into me Rooshan sables, an thin into me uncles jauntia car that fortunately was standin in front of the door, an concaylin a cupple ov dozen dannymite bombs about me person, an throwin a volume on Court Ettyket bound in Roosha leather in me grip sack along wid a caddy av strong black tay—Oi was OFF to mate the ROMANOFF.

Whin oi arrolved at ther Palis gates, oi dismissed ther slav sleigh driver, an making a noise like private daytictive, oi piped the place where the Doomer was soon to be doomed. Oi was davermined ter find out, fer meyself, just phawt was phawt, before oi discovered meself ter ther main guy, sittin in state an boller iron up in the saycret room av ther cyclone cellar.

Ther first man oi met looked like he needed the price av a shave, so oi gave him ther sign av the upturned palm fernist the rear of me coat. You know phat it is. Ther wan we use on new members of the legislature to see if they are wise guys.

Will yer belolve me, Spottsie darlint, the bay-nighted haythin niver so much as winked? He let go sumptin baytween a sneeze and thunder clap, that sounded like "blow my nose off," an hurried into a place accross the strate that had "Vodka" written on a beer sign over the door ov it.

Oi tried a new tack on the next Guysky I met. I approached him from ther rear and, selictin his largest ear, whispered in rapid succession these wurruds so dear to the hearts of all the states-men, and known to every civilized ear and tongue—"Graft, Long Green, Mazooma, Rhino, Scads, Free Passes, Free Drinks, Lobby, The Stuff, Coin"—an ther beggar turned round an offered me a Turkish cigareet. Now, wouldn't that fozzle you!

Oi gave up the human's after that, and went in ter the Palis ter rayconoyter, just to see how ther land lay. Oi saw ther Doomer in sission, but divil a bit of a lobby could oi see, tho I looked sharp as a magpie.

By that toime oi had begun ter dispaif for Rooshun liberty, ther ignerrint divils having none of the ayesinshuls av legislative freedom, bal cess ter them. So, oi wint out av ther Palis an into a book store, an pickin up a dictionary, about as wide as an alderman (so constructed on account av the length av the worruds.) Oi searched the pages wid ther strongest pair av noze glazzes oi had, fer the wurred "Lobby."

An may oi niver see that blessed Tallahassee again if oi spake not ther truth—divil a sign could oi say av that classic wurrud in that haythen book.

As you can ayesily guess, that was quite enough ter convince me that ther Doomer was nayther balste nor birrud, fish nor fowl; an could not be av any use ter a livin sowl.

Oi wint straight ter Tar-key solo, presinted me Mickcongram, and daymandid ter be ayscortid to ther prisence of "Ho Who Is Scared Out Av His Boots."

After ther convenstonul graytins had been disposed av baytween His Nibs and myself, oi wint straight ter ther point in these ayepeck makin wurruds:

"Your Scaredness, its no use tryin ter run a legislature in the bulidin you now have for ther purpose. It has no lobby, an no legislature can run widout a 3d House, an no 3d House can run widout a lobby. My advise is ter dissolve ther Doomer until such time as you can prepare ter rayceive it according to approved methods. An if yer will excuse ther poetical expression, oi'll further say—

"A Doomer
Without Mazooma
Will go up ther Floomer."

Well, Spottsie me old chum, yer know ther ray-sult. Yer have, no doubt, read, in that dear Times-Union, that the Czar has desolved ther Doomer. Confidentially he did it, tin minutes after I was after telling him phat oi have here written down.

Confidentially also, dear Spotts, don't tell Triay that oi had a hand in the puttin an end ter any law making body. He might not loike it, on account of ther principle involved, an oi would lose ther chance av making a little small change next spring.

Ther nixt momentuous ayevent that happened ter me, occurred as oi was passin through London on me way back ter me Fatherland. I met my owld frin Bill Bryan at Victoria Cross. I bay-lalve it was Victoria Cross, it was some Cross anny how, which is ther name the bloomin Brit-tishers call ther railroad station by.

Anyhow, oi made myself known ter Bill, by ray-minding him of ther time we served our country together fighting against the haughty Don, by stayin in camp with ther 7th Amry Corps in Jacksonville all through ther war. Oi said ter him:

"Bill, ye hov been rayported as sayin that money will not be an issue in the nixt campaign. Tell me that its not true. Tell me that ye did not utter those cruel, cruel wurruds. Tell me that its not so. Money not an issue in a political campaign? Where will I come in fer ther price av ther things necessary to me bodilly comfort?"

Then ther dreadful thing happened. Bill looked with pitying eyes at me quivering frame an said:

"It is true, Pat. I did say it. I'm sorry, but I cannot—"

Oi heard no more, a blessed oblivion came to relayve me surcharged feelings, an whin I woke up oi found oi had sixteen silver dollars in me pockets to the wan oi had before.

It seems as if the fates were determined to separate me from ther joy ov livin at all, at all; fer the very nixt day oi raycelved another blow. Oi learned that me octogenarian frin, Russell Sage, was dead, an left wan hundred millions av money.

Av ther many things in common baytween Russ and meyself, I need mention only wan ter show

yer how CLOSE we were. It was almost impossible ter get a dollar out of avther av us.

Russell's death came at a particularly inoppor-tune toime fer me. In my long career of touchla fer a loan oi have tried everybody but Russ. Oi intended ter try him on my way back ter Florida. Oi had just heard how ter reach him. It was by offering ter pay him 125 per cent interest. Oi would have been ready with the offer all right all right.

Well oi suppose oi will have ter try it on Hetty Green now that Russ is gone.

By the way, Spotts, is it true that Jawn Stock-ton and Jim Tolliver are together in politics? Cable me quick.

Yours,

PAT.

Progress of the Dredge Everglades

Fort Lauderdale, Fla., July 20th, 1906.

Hon. J. E. Wolfe,
Tallahassee, Fla.

Dear Sir:—Reporting further upon the work here, will say, that the "Everglades" is still doing good work. She is as near as we are able to estimate moving about fifteen hundred yards per day. The quality of the stuff that she is handling is about equal parts muck sand and rock, and I might add here that she handles the rock about as easy as she does the sand and muck.

We meet with few delays, and the machinery seems to run more smoothly each day. I have had considerable trouble selecting men that are satisfactory to operate her. The Runner that was sent here from Chicago is all right, but the other men seem to be very slow to "catch on" to the ways of operation. May I suggest that you talk to Capt. Rose and ask if he cannot secure one or two good experienced men in or near Kissimmee, who have had experience handling this kind of a dredge.

We have the bottom all on the Okeechobee, and have started the calking, and the building up of the sides, ends and bulkheads. In general all of the work is progressing very nicely.

The weather has at last settled, and the water subsiding very rapidly. Will make further report tomorrow.

Truly yours,

REED W. BRYAN, Agent.

Carrabelle as a Shipping Center.

The movement of car load shipments in and out of Carrabelle, via rail, is so rapidly increasing that the G. F. & A. officials are contemplating new track and facilities for handling same. During the last few days some ten or twelve solid car loads have been received and that number forwarded. The local shipments also are rapidly increasing and the force at the station are having their hands full to handle Carrabelle's business.—Carrabelle Advertiser.

It is up to you, Supt. Holloway, to render a signal service to the State by seeing to it that State certificates are kept at face value. A State certificate ought to be a gilt-edged guarantee of scholarship. If they are not kept at that, they will soon mean nothing.—Florida School exponent.

Jacksonville has a solicitor who actually seems to realize that he is in office to serve the people. He has had three of Jacksonville's big ice manufacturers arrested for being in a trust, and is now after the big meat packers for selling rotten meat. We wish the State had more officials of Mr. Bryan's make-up.—Wauchula Advocate.

Eat more Florida razor-backs and Florida cows and less embalmed Chicago beef, and you will enjoy better health and live longer.—Palatka Times-erald.